

TREASURY OF ILLUSTRATED CLASSICS™

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES



L.M. Montgomery

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES

Anne Shirley wants desperately to find a home and family that she can call her very own, which she has never had. She gets her wish when she is eleven and is adopted by Matthew and Marilla Cuthbert, and goes to live at Green Gables. Anne's adventurous spirit brightens the lives of everyone she meets. Join Anne on her adventures and never-ending search for friendship and happiness.



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ANNE OF GREEN GABLES

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ANNE OF GREEN GABLES

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and illustrated
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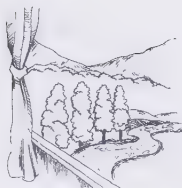
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CHAPTER 1

Mrs. Lynde is Surprised

Mrs. Rachel Lynde lived by a quiet and peaceful stream. One afternoon in June, she was sitting by her window in the warm bright sunshine. Suddenly she saw her neighbor Matthew Cutberth, wearing his best clothes, driving away. It was a sure sign that he was going out of Avonlea, where they lived. Now where was he going, and why?

“I’ll just go over to Green Gables after tea and find out from Marilla where he’s gone and why,” she decided. “He *NEVER*

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visits, never goes into town this time of the year. He wasn't going fast enough to be getting a doctor. Yet, something must've happened last night that made him drive out like this. I'm quite puzzled. I won't have a minute's peace until I find out why he has left Avonlea."

She knocked on the kitchen door and

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stepped in when asked. The kitchen here was cheerful, or it would've been had it not been so painfully clean, giving it the look of an unused parlor. Marilla Cutberth sat at a window knitting, and the table behind her was laid for supper.

Mrs. Lynde carefully looked at the items on the table before closing the



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kitchen door. There were three plates laid, which meant that Matthew and Marilla were expecting company.

“Rachel!” exclaimed Marilla, “What a pleasant surprise! Nice evening, isn’t it? Won’t you sit down? How is your family?” Marilla was a tall woman with dark hair that was always twisted up into a knot. She looked strict enough, but there was something about her curving mouth that indicated she had a sense of humor.

“We’re all well,” Rachel replied. “I saw Matthew rush off today. I thought he might’ve gone to fetch the doctor.”

Marilla’s lips twitched. She knew her neighbor well enough to know that Matthew rushing off like that would definitely have aroused Rachel’s curiosity. “Oh, I’m quite well, thank you. You see, we’re getting a boy from the orphanage asylum in Nova Scotia. He’s coming on the train tonight.”

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“Really?” Rachel asked.

“Of course.” Mrs. Lynde felt like she received a severe mental jolt after hearing this. Matthew and Marilla are adopting a boy from the orphanage asylum!

“How did you get an idea like that?” she asked disapprovingly.

“Well, you see, we’ve been thinking about this a lot. All through winter, in fact,” Marilla replied. “Matthew isn’t getting younger; he’s nearly sixty now. His heart troubles him a lot. You know how hard it is to hire help. It’ll be risky to take whomever we get.”

Mrs. Lynde, who prided herself on speaking her mind, did just that. “Well, let me tell you that what you are doing is foolish! You are bringing a strange child into your house without knowing a single thing about him. If you had asked my advice, I’d have advised you against it!”

Marilla continued to knit steadily,

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not showing her expression on her face. "I'm not denying whatever you are saying, Rachel. I've had doubts myself. But Matthew was firm on this, so I gave in. Risks are always there. Your own child may not turn out well."

"Well, I hope it turns out all right," Rachel said, "but don't blame me if he burns down Green Gables while you sleep!"

Rachel Lynde would've loved to stay until Matthew arrived with the child. But since he wouldn't be back for at least a couple of hours, to Marilla's relief, she left. She muttered to herself as she walked, "Poor child. Matthew and Marilla don't know a thing about children. It seems strange to think of a child at Green Gables. Matthew and Marilla were grown up by the time the house was built. I wouldn't want to be in that orphan's shoes for nothing!

"What a pity!" she said, not knowing that had she seen the child waiting at the station, her pity would grow much more.



CHAPTER 2

Matthew Cutberth is Surprised

Matthew Cutberth and the sorrel mare traveled eight miles to Bright River. All in all, it was an enjoyable ride. When he arrived there, he didn't see any sign of a train. Thinking he was early, he went to the station house. The platform was completely deserted except for a girl sitting on a pile of shingles at the extreme end.

Matthew didn't pay attention to her and started looking around. If he'd paid

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paid attention, he'd have noticed the uncertainty and rigidness on her face. She was waiting for someone to get her.

Matthew met the stationmaster locking up for the evening and inquired about the five-thirty train that was to come.

"The five-thirty came and left half an hour ago," said the stationmaster. "Only one passenger got off, for you, I believe.



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She's a girl and she's sitting out there on the shingles. I told her to go and wait in the ladies' room, but she preferred to wait out there."

"I'm not expecting a girl!" Matthew said. "I've come for a boy. Mrs. Spencer was to bring him from Nova Scotia."

"Mrs. Spencer got off the train, all right, but with the girl in tow, not a boy. She told me to look after the girl until you came along. I don't have anymore orphans hidden here. Only her." Matthew wished with all his heart that Marilla was there so that she'd help with the situation.

"Why don't you talk to the girl?" asked the stationmaster. "Get all the details from her. She's got a tongue of her own, that's for sure!"

He walked away, leaving Matthew the difficult and awkward task of walking to the strange orphan girl and asking her why she wasn't a boy instead. The girl had

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been watching him ever since he passed her. She was about eleven, dressed in a very short, very tight, very ugly dress of yellowish-gray wincey. She wore a faded brown sailor's hat, and her red hair was



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tied in two thick braids that fell over her shoulders. She had a freckled face, ivory skin, and large green eyes. When Matthew approached her, she stood up and held out one hand to him, holding an old carpetbag with the other.

"You must be Matthew Cutberth of Green Gables," she said in a sweet, clear voice. "I'm very glad to see you. I was starting to worry if you'd come or not. I'd made up my mind if you didn't come for me tonight, I'd go to that cherry tree at the bend and climb up into it to stay all night."

Matthew took her hand and looked into her eyes. At that moment, he knew he couldn't tell her that her coming was a mistake. He'd take her home to Marilla. All questions or doubts could be cleared up at Green Gables.

"I'm sorry, I'm late," he said shyly. "Come along. The horse is in the yard."

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Let's get your bag."

The girl smiled. "Oh, I can carry it! It's not heavy. I've got all my worldly goods in it, but it isn't heavy. Oh, it feels wonderful to live with you. I've never belonged to anybody before. The asylum was the worst place! Mrs. Spencer says it's wicked of me to say such things. It's so easy to be wicked without knowing it! Do you think I'm thin? I *KNOW* I'm dreadfully thin! Look at me—all skin and bones. How I'd love to get a little plump, with dimples on my elbows ..."

On and on she prattled. She finally stopped, partly as she was out of breath and partly because they'd reached the buggy. Not a word was said until they left the village. She broke the silence, "Am I talking too much? People tell me I do. Would you rather I *DIDN'T* talk? If you say so, I'll stop. I won't utter a single word, even though it'll be difficult

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for me.”

Matthew, on the other hand, found him enjoying himself with her chatter. It was completely unexpected that he'd enjoy the company of this little orphan. She was quite different from the well-bred Avonlea girls, and he liked that! He quietly told her, “You can talk as much as you want. I don't mind.”

“Oh, I'm so glad! Mrs. Spencer told me all about your place, Green Gables. I was happy knowing it has trees all around it. There weren't any at the asylum. Is there a brook anywhere near Green Gables?”

“Yes! Right below the house.”

“It has always been a dream of mine to live by a brook. I never expected it to happen, though,” she said.

They finally arrived at the village, and the beauty of it struck the child silent. She closed her eyes as she absorbed the beauty around her. As they went over the crest of

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the hill, she saw Green Gables.

“Is that it?” she asked, wide eyed.

“Yes. That is my home,” said Matthew.

They stopped in front of the house. With an awed expression on her face, she picked up her carpetbag and followed him inside.



CHAPTER 3

Marilla Cutberth is Surprised

When Marilla saw a young girl, with red hair tied in two thick braids standing beside Matthew, she felt her jaw drop.

“Matthew, who’s this?” she asked.
“Where’s the boy?”

“There was no boy; only *HER*.”

“But we asked Mrs. Spencer for a boy!”
cried Marilla.

“But she gave us the girl!” argued

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Matthew. "I asked the stationmaster and he said that the girl was the only one who got off with Mrs. Spencer. There's no boy!"

Throughout this conversation, the child listened quietly, staring from one to the other, her eyes full of confusion. Suddenly understanding dawned on her. Shock replaced confusion.

"You didn't want me?" she shouted. "Just because I'm not a boy? I should have thought about that. Nobody wanted me ever. I should've known it was all too beautiful to last."

At this, she burst into tears. She looked up, sobbing, "Oh, don't look at me like that. You'd cry, too, if you were in my position!"

Matthew and Marilla looked at each other anxiously. Finally Marilla said, "There's really nothing to cry about. We won't turn you away tonight. You'll be with us until we get this matter sorted.

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What's your name?"

"Will you call me Cordelia?" the girl asked, her sobs subsiding slowly.

"Call you Cordelia? Is that your name?" asked Marilla.

"No, not exactly. But it's such an elegant name."



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"If Cordelia isn't your name, what is?"

"Anne Shirley," she mumbled, "but please call me Cordelia. Besides, Anne is such an unromantic name!"

"What nonsense!" cried Marilla. "Anne is a perfectly respectable name. There's no need to be ashamed of it."

"I'm not ashamed of it. I just like Cordelia better. But if you'd rather call me Anne, can it be spelled A-N-N-E?"

"Very well. Now tell us, how did you get here? We asked specifically for a boy. Are there no boys at the asylum?"

"Oh, there are plenty. But Mrs. Spencer said *DISTINCTLY* that you wanted a girl about eleven years old. You don't know how delighted I was to hear that! I couldn't sleep a wink last night."

Matthew excused himself to tend to the mare. When he left, Marilla asked if anyone else came with Mrs. Spencer. "She brought pretty Lily Jones for herself.

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Would you keep me if I were pretty?"

"No. We wanted a boy to help in the farm. A girl would be of no use. Take off your hat. I'll take your bag inside."

Anne took off her hat slowly as Matthew came back and they all sat down for supper, but Anne couldn't eat.

"Why aren't you eating?" Marilla asked sharply.

"Would you be able to eat if you were in despair?"

"I've never had that happen to me, so I wouldn't know."

Matthew spoke up: "I think she's tired, Marilla. Put her to bed."

She took her to the east gable room and lit a candle there. She asked Anne if she had a nightgown. Anne nodded.

"Well, undress quickly and get to bed. I'll be back in a bit for the candle."

After Marilla left, Anne looked around the room wistfully. Everything

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was so bare! The walls were whitewashed and so were the floors. With a sob, she quickly undressed, put on her cotton nightgown and jumped into bed, putting her face into the pillow and drawing the sheets over her head. When Marilla entered, she picked up Anne's clothes, put them neatly on the chair, went over to her, and wished her good night. When she went downstairs, she found Matthew reading.

"This is what happens if we send word instead of going ourselves!" she said angrily. "One of us will have to drive to Mrs. Spencer's in the morning and sort this thing out. The girl will have to be sent back."

Matthew sighed somewhat dejectedly. "Yes, I suppose so."

"You suppose so? What do you mean by that?"

"Well, she's a very nice little girl. It

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would be a pity to send her back.”

“Matthew Cutberth! Surely you don’t mean to keep her!” cried Marilla. “What good would she be to us?”

“No good, most likely! But perhaps we’d be of some good to her.”

“Oh dear, that girl has bewitched you. It’s obvious you want her to stay!”

“She’s quite interesting!” defended Matthew. “She is quite a chatterbox.”

“I don’t like talkative children.”

“I could hire a French boy to help me, and she could keep you company.”

“I don’t suffer from lack of company!”

Matthew put down his paper and said he was going to bed. After he left, Marilla cleared the dishes and also went to bed, quite tired. And upstairs in the east gable, a warm-hearted, lonely, and friendless child cried herself to sleep.



CHAPTER 4

Morning at Green Gables

It was in broad daylight that Anne woke up. She didn't remember where she was for a minute, as she looked at the sunlight streaming through the window. She felt happy looking at the bright sunshine, and just as unhappy when she remembered that she was at Green Gables and that she was unwanted because she was a girl. She looked outside the window and couldn't help but smile at the lush beauty around.

Below the garden, a green field lush with clover sloped down to the hollow

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where the brook ran and where scores of white birches grew. A huge cherry tree grew outside, so close that its boughs tapped against the house, and it was so thick-set with blossoms that hardly a leaf was to be seen. On both sides of the house were big orchards, one of apple trees and one



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of cherry trees, also showered over with blossoms; and their grass was all sprinkled with dandelions.

She sat there, admiring the beauty of nature and didn't even realize when Marilla entered the room. She jumped when Marilla laid a hand on her shoulder. "You should get dressed," she told her.

Anne pointed out to the gardens and said, "Isn't it all lovely?"

"Yes, it is. You'd better dress and come downstairs. Breakfast is ready. Leave the window and be quick. Dress up smart."

In ten minutes, Anne came down, neatly dressed, hair nicely braided, her face scrubbed clean.

"I'm quite hungry," she announced as she slipped into the chair at the table. "I'm happy it's all sunny outside, as much as I love rainy days too ..."

"Oh, for pity's sake, hold your tongue," said Marilla as Anne blabbered. "You talk

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too much for a little girl.” Anne clamped her mouth shut and sat in silence for so long, it made Marilla nervous. Matthew also kept quiet, as was natural for him, so the meal was a silent one. As the meal progressed, Anne’s eyes started observing things in and around the place, making Marilla even more uncomfortable. She felt that the child was present physically but not mentally. Who would want such a child here? She couldn’t afford someone like that who dreamed all the time. She was more miffed at the thought that Matthew wanted to keep her! Once the meal was finished, Anne offered to wash the dishes.

“You can wash dishes?” asked Marilla, surprised at this revelation.

“Very well! I’m even better in looking after children. I’ve had a lot of experience with that. Pity you don’t have any children here.”

“I don’t need any more children

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than the ones I already have. *YOU'RE* a problem enough as it is! I don't know what's to be done with you. Matthew is such a ridiculous man."

"I think he's a nice man!" defended Anne. "He's quite sympathetic. He didn't even mind that I talk so much."

Marilla sighed. "Fine, you may wash the dishes. Use plenty of hot water and dry them well. I've got a lot of work to do in the morning. I'll be going to White Sands to meet Mrs. Spencer. You'll come with me and we'll see what's to be done with you. Once you're done with the dishes, go upstairs and make your bed."

Anne washed the dishes well enough even with Marilla keeping a close eye on her. Unfortunately, the bed couldn't be made as well as the dishes, for Anne had no practice in tackling a feathered mattress. To get her out of the house, Marilla told her to go out into the gardens and amuse

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herself till dinnertime. Anne flew to the door, her eyes bright and her face glowing. She stopped at the threshold, looked around, and walked back inside slowly, all the enthusiasm draining from her. "What's wrong now?" demanded Marilla.

"I shouldn't go out," mumbled the girl. "It wouldn't be fair to enjoy this lovely place if I won't be staying here after all! If I go out there and get acquainted with the trees, the brook, the flowers, and everything, I'll surely fall in love with it all. It'll make it harder for me to leave then."

Marilla gave up and retreated to the cellar. "I just can't say anything to equal what she just said!" she told herself, "She is interesting enough, as Matthew mentioned. She'll cast a spell over me, too. Matthew's been spellbound, definitely! The look he gave me last night confirmed it." When she returned, Anne was still in

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her reverie, chin in hand, eyes in the sky. Marilla left her like that till dinnertime. "Matthew, may I have the mare and the buggy this afternoon?"

He nodded and looked wistfully at Anne. Marilla sharply added, "I'm going to White Sands to settle this matter. I'm taking her with me so that Mrs. Spencer can decide what is to be done. She'll probably make arrangements to send her to Nova Scotia immediately." Matthew remained silent, and Marilla felt like her words were falling on deaf ears. He hitched the buggy and the sorrel and Marilla and Anne set off.



CHAPTER 5

Anne's History

"I've decided to enjoy this ride to the fullest," declared Anne. "I think all the places here have lovely names. White Sands is nice, but not as nice as Avonlea. Oh, what a lovely name that is! How far is it to White Sands?"

"It's about five miles from here. If you are determined to go on talking, why don't you tell me whatever you know of yourself?" asked Marilla.

"Oh, what I *KNOW* of me isn't really worth telling. I can tell you what I imagine

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I know of myself, if you like.”

“Oh no, none of your imaginings, please! Let’s stick to the basics from the beginning. Where were you born and how old are you?”

“I turned eleven last March. I was born in Bolingbroke, in Nova Scotia. My father was Walter Shirley, and my mother was Bertha. Both taught at Bolingbroke High School. They were too young and lived in a teenie-weenie yellow house there. I was born there. I was so scrawny and tiny—but my mother thought I was very beautiful. I’m glad she was satisfied with me. You see, she got a fever soon after I was born and she died. I never got the chance to call her Mother. My father, too, died four days later. They left me an orphan,” she said sadly.

Bravely continuing, she said, “Finally, Mrs. Thomas took me in, even though she was poor and had a drunkard for a husband. Mrs. Thomas and her husband moved to

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Marysville, and I lived with them till I was eight years old. I helped look after her four children, all younger than me. Then, Mr. Thomas was killed by falling under a train, so his mother decided to take in Mrs. Thomas and the children—but not me. Then Mrs. Hammond came along and decided to take me since I was good with children. She had eight children and



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her husband worked in a sawmill. I like children, but not when it's twins, three times in succession! I told her so clearly when the last pair came. It was so tiring carrying them about!

"I lived there for two years and then Mr. Hammond died. Mrs. Hammond divided her children among the relatives and went to the States. I went to the asylum at Hopeton, since no one wanted me. I was there for a few months until Mrs. Spencer came along," Anne finished, relieved to be able to talk about her misfortunes.

"Did you go to school?" asked Marilla.

"Not a great deal. It would've been dreadful to walk there back and forth, especially in the winter. I did a bit of schooling during the last year with Mrs. Thomas. Mrs. Hammond's place was too far from the school. I went while I was in the asylum. My reading is very good and I know many poems perfectly."

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“Were the two, Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Hammond, good to you?”

“Oh!” faltered Anne. “They meant to be good. So I didn’t mind when they weren’t sometimes. They had too much on their hands to worry about me: a drunken husband and three pairs of twins! I don’t blame them at all.”

Marilla asked no more questions after that, and Anne fell silent. Marilla felt pity for the child next to her. What a life she’d had—of poverty, and mostly of neglect. No wonder she’d been delighted at the prospect of a real home! Pity she had to be sent back. “What big house is that just ahead, please?” queried Anne.

“That’s the White Sands Hotel, run by Mr. Kirke. The season hasn’t begun yet.”

“I was afraid it might be Mrs. Spencer’s place,” said Anne mournfully. “I don’t want to get there. Somehow, it will seem like the end of everything.”



CHAPTER 6

Marilla Makes Her Decision

Mrs. Spencer lived in a yellow house on White Sands cove. When they arrived, she came to greet them with a welcoming yet surprised expression on her face.

“Oh, I’m so glad to see you, even though I hadn’t expected you both! How are you, Anne?”

“I’m as well as can be, thank you.”

“We’ll come right to business so that we won’t waste your time,” said Marilla briskly. “You see, there’s been a serious mistake. We had asked for a boy from the

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asylum. We got a girl instead!"

"Oh, dear! Robert himself sent word with his daughter, Nancy, and she told me that you wanted a girl! Didn't she, Flora Jane?" She turned to her daughter, who was coming down the stairs.

"She did, Miss Cutberth!" said Flora.

"I'm dreadful sorry," said Mrs. Spencer. "It's too bad, but it certainly wasn't my fault, you see, Miss Cutberth. I did the best I could and I thought I was following

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your instructions.”

“It was our own fault,” said Marilla resignedly. “We should have not left an important message to be passed along by word of mouth. Can we send the child back to the asylum?”

“I don’t think it will be necessary to send her back,” said Mrs. Spencer thoughtfully. “Anne will be the very girl for you.” For some reason, Marilla did not feel grateful at the unexpected opportunity to get rid of the orphan. She had heard that Mrs. Peter Blewett was “a terrible worker and driver.” Marilla didn’t really want to hand over the girl to that woman. Just then, Mrs. Spencer saw Mrs. Blewett walking up the lane.

“Oh, you’re lucky today; there she is! You can settle the matter immediately. Good afternoon, Mrs. Blewett. We were just saying how fortunate it was you happened along. Let me introduce you two

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ladies. Mrs. Blewett, Miss Cutberth. You see, Miss Cutberth and her brother wanted a boy. There's been a misunderstanding. So if you still are in search of a girl, let me know."

Mrs. Blewett looked at Anne. "What is your name? How old are you?" she asked.

The child shrunk back at the woman's harsh tone. "Anne Shirley. I'm eleven years old."

"If I take you, I'll expect you to be a good, obedient, and respectful girl. You'll have to earn your keep and be good. Well, Miss Cutberth, I believe I can take her right now, if you like."

Marilla looked at the child's soft, pleading face. She did not like Mrs. Blewett and didn't like the idea of handing over the girl to one such as she.

"If we decide not to have her, we'll send her to you by tomorrow. Till then, she remains with me. Fair enough?"

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"I suppose so," said Mrs. Blewett.

Just then, Anne flew across to Marilla. "Oh, Miss Cutberth! Did you really say that I could stay at Green Gables?"

"You really must learn to control that imagination of yours, Anne," said Marilla crossly. "Yes, it isn't decided yet."

"I'd rather go back to the asylum than go live with her," Anne said passionately.

Marilla was amused. "A lady like you



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must learn to curb that tongue!"

"Oh, I'll do anything you say if I get to stay!" promised Anne.

When they got back to Green Gables, Matthew greeted them. He was hovering on the lane, and Marilla guessed his motive. She saw the relief in his face when he saw that she had brought Anne back with her. Then she told him Anne's history and the result of the interview with Mrs. Spencer.

"I didn't like that Blewett woman at all! It's either give Anne to that vile female or keep her with us. Since you want her so much, I suppose I can adjust. I've never brought up a child, especially a girl, and I dare say I'll make a terrible mess of it. But I'll do my best. So far as I'm concerned, Matthew, she may stay."

Matthew's shy face was a glow of delight. "Oh, you'll like her!"

"I'd be happier if you said she's a useful thing. I'll see that she's well trained. Leave

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her to me for now.”

“There, there, Marilla, you can have your own way,” Matthew said reassuringly. “Only be as good and kind to her as you can without spoiling her. I kind of think she’s one of the sort you can do anything with, if you only get her to love you.”

Marilla snorted. “We’ve decided on the experiment and goodness only knows what will come of it.”



CHAPTER 7

Anne Says Her Prayers

When Anne was taken to bed that night, Marilla curtly told her, “Anne, I noticed last night that you had thrown your clothes all over the place. I had to pick them up after you; I won’t approve of this. You must clean up yourself.”

“Oh, I’m sorry. I was a little harrowed last night. Don’t worry, it won’t happen again,” Anne promised.

“Hmmm, why don’t you say your prayers and get to bed?” said Marilla.

“I never say prayers,” declared Anne, leaving Marilla shocked to the core.

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“Why, Anne, were you never taught to say your prayers? Don’t you know who God is?”

“God is a spirit—infinite, eternal, and wise,” responded Anne glibly.

Marilla looked rather relieved. “So you do know something then, thank goodness! Where did you learn that?”

“Oh, at the asylum Sunday school. They made us learn the whole catechism. I liked it pretty well.”

“In any case, you must say your prayers while you are under my roof,” said Marilla, to which Anne cheerfully agreed.

“Miss Cutberth, you’ll have to tell me what to say, just this once. After I get into bed, I’ll imagine a real nice prayer to always say.”

“You must kneel down,” said Marilla.

Anne knelt at Marilla’s knee and looked up. “I’m ready now. What must I say?”

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Looking down at the girl, Marilla felt even more embarrassed. She suddenly realized that simple prayers wouldn't suit this freckled girl at all. "You're old enough to pray yourself, Anne. Just thank God for His blessings and ask Him humbly for the things you want."

"I'll do my best," Anne said and then began her prayer:

*"Gracious heavenly Father,
I thank Thee for the White Way of Delight
and the Lake of Shining Waters and Bonny
and the Snow Queen. I'm really extremely
grateful for them.*

*Please let me stay at Green Gables; and
please let me be good looking when I grow up
into a young woman.*

*I remain, Yours respectfully,
Anne Shirley."*

"Did I do it right?" she asked Marilla with innocent eyes.



CHAPTER 8

Anne's Bringing Up

Marilla didn't tell Anne that she was to stay at Green Gables until the following afternoon. Through the morning, she kept the child busy and watched her closely. She concluded that Anne was obedient and quick to learn. Her only shortcoming were her bouts of daydreaming during a task. When Anne finished washing the dinner dishes, she looked at Marilla. "Oh, Miss Cutberth! Please tell me if I'll be staying here. I've tried to be patient all morning and I can't bear it anymore. Please tell me."

Anne of Green Gables

Unable to find an excuse to hold the decision, Marilla sighed. "Well, Matthew and I have decided to keep you, but only if you promise to be a good, obedient girl. Oh, what's the matter?"

"I'm crying!" said Anne, bewildered. "But I'm so happy! I didn't think I'd cry, though."



Anne of Green Gables

"Sit down, child, and calm yourself. Now, you must go to school. It's only a fortnight before the school closes, so you will start going in September."

"What shall I call you? Miss Cutberth or Aunt Marilla?" asked Anne.

"Just plain Marilla."

"Won't that be disrespectful?"

"Not if you're saying it respectfully," said Marilla. "Everybody, young and old, in the village calls me that. Now listen carefully. Go into the sitting room, Anne, and bring me the illustrated card that's on the mantelpiece. The Lord's Prayer is on it, and you'll devote your spare time this afternoon to learning it by heart."

Anne ran to the living room immediately and after she failed to return ten minutes later, Marilla marched out and found her staring at the card with an awed expression. "Anne, what's wrong?" she asked.

Anne of Green Gables

“There,” she said, pointing at the card, “Christ Blessing Little Children.’ I was imagining me to be one of them. I wish the artist didn’t paint Him so sad looking.



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All the pictures of Him are like that. I don't think He really was sad, or else the children might've been afraid of Him."

"Anne! You mustn't talk this way about the Lord," scolded Marilla. "You must learn to hold your tongue."

Anne went to a vase of apple blossoms and tipped it so that she could kiss a soft bud. After a moment she said, "Marilla, do you think I'll make friends in Avonlea? Someone I can tell my most deepest, darkest, most intimate secrets without fear of being judged?"

"Well, Diana Barry, who lives on Orchard Slope, is your age. She's a nice girl. She isn't here right now. She's in Carmody, visiting. But you'll have to behave yourself when with her, for Mrs. Barry is a particular woman. She won't let Diana play with any little girl who isn't nice and good."

"What does she look like?" asked Anne.

Anne of Green Gables

“Diana is a very pretty girl, with black hair and eyes and rosy cheeks. She is also very intelligent.”

Anne was already delighted with the idea of having a pretty friend. She looked at the flowers. “Oh look, there’s a bee coming out of the apple blossom. What a lovely place to live! I’d love to be a bee if not a human girl and live in the flowers.”



Anne of Green Gables

"And she wanted to be a seagull yesterday," moaned Marilla. "You are very fickle minded; you change your decisions quickly. This is something you must change. Go upstairs and think it over."

Anne sighed and retreated to the east gable. She sat down on a chair by the window. "There—I know this prayer. Now I'm going to imagine things into this room so that they'll always stay imagined. The floor is covered with a white velvet carpet with pink roses all over it, and there are pink silk curtains at the windows. The walls are hung with gold and silver brocade tapestry. The furniture is luxurious mahogany. I am reclining gracefully on the couch that's heaped with gorgeous silken cushions of every color. I can see my reflection in that splendid big mirror hanging on the wall. I am tall and regal, clad in a gown of trailing white lace, with a pearl cross necklace and pearls in my hair. My hair

Anne of Green Gables

is of midnight darkness, and my skin is a clear ivory pallor. My name is the Lady Cordelia Fitzgerald. No, it isn't—I can't make *THAT* seem real."

She danced up to the little looking-glass and peered into it. Her pointed freckled face and solemn gray eyes peered back at her.

"You're only Anne of Green Gables," she said earnestly, "and I see you, just as you are looking now, whenever I try to imagine I'm the Lady Cordelia. But it's a million times nicer to be Anne of Green Gables than Anne of nowhere in particular, isn't it?"

She bent forward, kissed her reflection and looked out the window, with her chin in her hands, and drifted luxuriously out on a sea of daydreams.



CHAPTER 9

A Horrified Rachel Lynde

When Mrs. Lynde came to see her, Anne had been at Green Gables for a fortnight. Rachel would've come soon but she was ill for a time. She came over the moment the doctor allowed her so.

Anne had used every minute of the fortnight she spent at Green Gables. She was already well acquainted with the bushes and the shrubs and the trees and the brook. She explored the land in and around Green Gables thoroughly, and each little discovery sent her into raptures. She was in the orchard when Mrs. Lynde

Anne of Green Gables

arrived, wandering through the lush, tremulous grass in her own time. This gave Rachel the chance to talk fully and passionately about her illness to Marilla. When that was done, Rachel told the reason she'd come.

"I've heard some surprising news about you and Matthew."

"No one was more surprised than me, believe me. But I'm getting over it," said Marilla serenely.

"It's too bad it was a mistake. Couldn't you send her back?" demanded Rachel.

"We could've, but we decided to keep her. Matthew likes her, and so do I, in spite of her faults. The house is a much livelier place since she came; she is such a bright girl."

She saw the look of disapproval on Rachel's face.

"You've taken a big responsibility on yourself," Rachel told her, "especially since

Anne of Green Gables



you've never experienced taking care of children. You don't know much about her and God knows how she'll turn out—"

"Would you like to see Anne?" Marilla interrupted. "I'll call her in."

Anne came running in, her face glowing from her frolics in the garden. She halted at the door, confused, on seeing the strange woman.

Rachel assessed her from head to toe. Unimpressed, she said, "They haven't

Anne of Green Gables

selected you for your looks, that's for sure. Look how skinny you are! I've never seen so many freckles on someone before—and look at that hair, red as a carrot! Come here, child, so I can look at you.”

Rachel didn't expect Anne to cross the room in a jump, stand there with hands fisted, and her thin body trembling



Anne of Green Gables

with anger. Her eyes were stormy.

"I hate you!" she yelled, stamping her foot on the floor. "I hate you! How dare you call me skinny and ugly? How dare you call "You are a rude, certainly impolite, and unfeeling woman!"

"Anne!" admonished Marilla. But Anne wasn't through yet.

"How dare you say such things about me!" she repeated vehemently. "How would you feel if someone spoke to you like that? How would you feel if someone called you fat and clumsy with no imagination? I don't care if I hurt you by saying so, for you've hurt my feelings. I'll never forgive you for that, never, never!"

"Goodness, have you seen a child with so much temper!" exclaimed a horrified Rachel.

"Anne, please go to your room and stay there until I come up," said Marilla, recovering from her shock. Anne burst

Anne of Green Gables

into tears and ran from the room. A few seconds later, the two women heard a door upstairs slam with force. The sounds of weeping carried down clearly.

“Well, Marilla, I certainly don’t envy you the job of bringing up a hellion like her!” Marilla didn’t know whether to snub Rachel or to apologize to her. She surprised herself by saying, “You shouldn’t have gone on about her looks like that.”

“Are you excusing her behavior?” demanded Rachel.

“Not at all—I’ll be talking to her about it right now. But one must be a bit easy with her, for she’s never learned the right things. You really were *TOO* hard on her.” That last sentence surprised both Rachel and Marilla.

Mrs. Lynde stood up, insulted. “I’ll be careful with what I say to her from now on, now that I know how temperamental she is. Good day,

Anne of Green Gables

Marilla, I hope you visit often. But don't expect me to be visiting in a hurry." With that, Rachel walked out of the door.

With a solemn face, Marilla went to the east gable. She found Anne lying facedown on the bed, crying her heart out.

"Anne. Oh, Anne!" she called gently. No response.

"Anne!" she called again sharply. "Get up and listen to what I have to say!"

Anne stiffly got off the bed and sat on the chair, her cheeks streaked with tears.

"I'm very disappointed in you, Anne. You shouldn't have reacted as you did."

"How would you feel if someone spoke to you like that? It's always different when it's being told to someone else than when told to you. I had to tell her off."

Marilla's face softened. "Anne, I don't think Rachel should've said those things to you; she always has been too outspoken. But that doesn't excuse the behavior on

Anne of Green Gables

your part. She was a stranger, an elderly person, and my visitor—all three reasons for being respectful. You must go to her and apologize.”

“That I can never do,” Anne said determinedly. “You can punish me any way you like, Marilla. I’ll accept. But I will not go to her and ask for forgiveness.”

“You’ll apologize to her or you’ll stay in this room until you’re ready to do so.”

“Then I’ll stay here forever, for I’ll never tell Mrs. Lynde I’m sorry. How can I when I’m not sorry at all? I’m sorry I upset you, but I’m glad I told her what I did.”

“You’ll have this night to think this over. You promised to be a good girl, to stay at Green Gables, but I see that isn’t going to be so.”

Saying this, Marilla left, feeling angry at herself and at Anne, for whenever she imagined Rachel’s dumbfounded face, she felt the strong urge to laugh out loud.



CHAPTER 10

Anne's Apology

Nothing was mentioned about this to Matthew that evening, but the next morning, when Anne wasn't there for breakfast, an explanation had to be given to him.

"It's good that someone gave it off to that meddlesome woman," said Matthew.

"Matthew Cutberth, I'm shocked. You know Anne did nothing right, and yet you still take her side."

"Well, she must be punished a bit," offered Matthew, "but not too harshly,

Anne of Green Gables

Marilla. Remember, she hasn't had anyone to teach her right and wrong. Are you going to feed her?"

"Have you ever heard of me starving a person?" asked Marilla. "I'll carry her meals myself. But she stays upstairs until she's ready to apologize to Rachel. That's final."

Breakfast, lunch, and dinner were quiet meals. Marilla would fill a tray and take it to Anne, but would return with the tray not much empty. Matthew wondered if the child was eating at all. When Marilla went out to get the cows from the pastures, he crept upstairs. He stood outside Anne's room for a while before he lifted his hand and knocked. He entered and saw her sitting on the chair, looking so sad and small, his heart wrenched. He tiptoed to her.

"Anne," he whispered, lest Marilla heard him, "how're you making it?"

Anne smiled weakly. "Pretty good.

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Anne of Green Gables

But I might as well get used to it.”

“Anne, I think you should apologize to Rachel. Just be done with it.”

“I suppose I could,” said Anne. “I feel sorry *NOW*. When I woke up this morning, my anger had disappeared! I feel ashamed now. If you want me to . . .”

“Of course I want you to! It’s quite lonely without you downstairs. Now be a good girl and do what’s right. And also, don’t tell Marilla I spoke to you. She’ll have me by the neck.”

Anne made the action of zipping her lips, saying she’d keep the secret. When Marilla returned, she found Anne on the banister.

“I’m sorry I lost my temper. I’ll go and apologize to Mrs. Lynde,” said Anne.

“Very well,” said a relieved Marilla, though she didn’t show it. “I’ll take you there after milking.”

Later, while they were walking down the lane, Anne’s dejection vanished as her

Anne of Green Gables

head came up and her face lifted.

"Anne, what are you thinking of?"

"I'm thinking of what I'll say to Mrs. Lynde."

But Marilla knew that Anne was thinking of something naughty. There was no other reason she could look so smug and radiant! Smug and radiant was how Mrs. Lynde saw her from her window where she was knitting. When Anne saw her, the radiant look on her face vanished and was replaced by fear. Before Rachel could say a word, Anne fell on her knees before her.

"Oh, Mrs. Lynde, I'm so sorry! You must believe how horrible I feel about having said those awful things to you! Now I've shamed my dear friends, Matthew and Marilla, who've let me stay even though I'm a girl. I never should have flown into a temper, since what you said about me was *RIGHT*! I *am* ugly with my red hair and

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Anne of Green Gables

freckled skin and skinny body. I shouldn't have said the things I did to you. Please forgive me!" She finished, clasping her hands, awaiting judgment.

Mrs. Lynde raised her up and said, "Child, of course I forgive you!"

"Thank you, Mrs. Lynde!" gushed Anne. "May I go and sit under the apple trees while you and Marilla talk?"

"Yes, child, you may."

Rachel turned to Marilla the minute the door was closed. "What an odd thing. Please sit, Marilla. She may turn out all right eventually. She's quite the passionate one, I must say! On the whole, I kind of like her!"

On their way home, Anne said, "I was brilliant, wasn't I? I thought if I had to do it, why not with style?"

"It was done well enough. I hope there are no more occasions for such apologies. Do try and control your

Anne of Green Gables

temper, Anne.”

“It’d be easier if people didn’t twit my looks. I don’t get as mad about other things.”

“You mustn’t care about your looks. You’re a vain girl, Anne.”

Anne remained quiet until they touched their lane. “I know I’m going to be happy here! I just love Green Gables!” she cried. She said it with such sincerity that Marilla felt touched.

“And I won’t talk anymore about it for now,” promised Anne.

And Marilla breathed a sigh of relief.



CHAPTER 11

Anne at Sunday School

The next morning, Anne found three dresses on her bed. "How do you like them?" asked Marilla. She had made them up herself, and all alike—plain skirts with tight sleeves.

"I think I'll like them," said Anne.

"You think? You don't like them then," said Marilla, offended.

"They aren't pretty," Anne said slowly.

Marilla sniffed. "Pretty. I don't believe in vanity. These dresses are practical, and serviceable. The brown gingham and the blue print will do you for school when you

Anne of Green Gables



begin to go. The sateen is for church and Sunday school. I thought you'd be grateful that you won't be wearing those awful clothes you came in."

"Oh, I am!" said Anne. "But I'd be more if you made one with puffed sleeves."

Marilla couldn't go with Anne to church the next day due to a headache. "Go, meet Mrs. Lynde. She'll direct you to your class. Please behave yourself and don't fight with anyone. I'll expect you to tell me the text when you come home."

Anne of Green Gables

On the way there, Anne decided to decorate her plain sailor's hat with a wreath of flowers. When she arrived at Mrs. Lynde's, she saw that the lady had already gone. Not bothered, she walked alone to church. On the porch, she found a crowd of girls, dressed in pinks, whites, and blues. They all looked with interest at the stranger. The Avonlea girls knew a lot about Anne, thanks to Mrs. Lynde and the hired help at Green Gables. Anne found out that she was in Mrs. Rogerson's class.

Mrs. Rogerson was a middle-aged woman who taught Sunday school. She often asked Anne questions, who answered them promptly, thanks to Marilla's drilling. Anne didn't like her teacher and felt miserable looking at the girls wearing puffed-sleeved dresses.

"How was it?" asked Marilla when she got home.

"Quite horrible. I didn't like it."

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“Anne Shirley!” cried Marilla.

Anne sat down on the rocker with a sigh. “I behaved just like you told me to. I went to church alone, as Mrs. Lynde had left already. Then I was told to go to Mrs. Rogerson’s class. There were nine girls there, with puffed sleeves.”

“I hope you paid attention to your lessons and not at sleeves!” said Marilla.

“I did. I answered many questions. I wanted to ask some questions, too, and didn’t think it was fair that she be the one to do all the asking ...” As Anne prattled on about her day at Sunday school, Marilla couldn’t help thinking that she *SHOULD* admonish her for talking like this but couldn’t help thinking that Anne was like herself when she was her age. Suddenly, all her hidden thoughts and secrets were coming out into the open through Anne.



CHAPTER 12

A Solemn Vow and Promise

Marilla heard about Anne's flowery hat the next Friday from Mrs. Lynde. "Anne, why did you wear a hat with flowers to church?" demanded Marilla.

"Why can't I wear a hat like that? There's no difference between that and lot of girls pinning bouquets to their dresses."

"Don't talk back to me. Now people think I've got no sense than to let you go like that."

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" said Anne, her eyes filling with tears. "I truly thought the

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flowers would look good on the hat. I'm going to be trouble for you. Maybe you'd better send me back to the asylum."

"That isn't what I want!" said Marilla, angry with herself for making her cry. "I just don't want you to make a fool of yourself. Don't cry now. Listen, I'll be going to Mrs.



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Barry's this afternoon. You can come with me and meet Diana Barry."

Anne jumped to her feet and clasped her hands, "What if she doesn't like me?"

"Oh, stop the drama, Anne. You'll get along well with Diana. It's her mother you'll have to worry about. If she's already heard about your outrageous hat from Mrs. Lynde, I don't know what she'll think of you."

When they arrived at Mrs. Barry's, she answered to their knock at the kitchen door. She was a tall, black-haired, black-eyed woman with a stern mouth. She was known for being strict with children.

"How are you, Marilla?" she asked. "Come in. You've adopted her?"

"Yes, this is Anne Shirley." She shook hands and asked, "How are you?"

"Very well, thank you ma'am."

Diana was sitting on the sofa, reading. She looked up when the strangers walked

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in. She was quite pretty, with black hair and eyes, rosy cheeks, and a merry disposition she got from her father.

“This is my daughter, Diana. Diana, take Anne out into the gardens and show her your flowers.”

Outside in the garden, Anne and Diana gazed bashfully at each other over a clump of gorgeous tiger lilies. Anne broke the silence. “Oh, Diana! Do you think you could be my best friend?”

Diana laughed. “I think so! I’m awfully glad you’ve come to live at Green Gables. Finally someone close by to play with!”

“Will you swear to be my friend forever and ever?” demanded Anne.

Diana looked shocked. She recovered quickly. “How do you do it?”

“We must join hands. I’ll say the oath first. ‘I solemnly swear to be loyal to my best friend, Diana.’” When Diana repeated the

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vows, she smiled. "I heard you were funny. But I'm going to like you!"

On the way home, Marilla asked Anne what she thought about Diana. "Oh, I'm the happiest girl on this island right now! I'm so sure my prayers will be very good and impressive tonight."



CHAPTER 13

Anne's Confession

On the eve of the picnic, Marilla entered Anne's room with a troubled expression on her face.

"Anne, have you seen my amethyst brooch?" The brooch was precious for Marilla for it contained a lock of her mother's hair. "I can't find it anywhere!"

"I saw it this afternoon, pinned to the pincushion. I went inside your room to look at it."

"Anne! You have no right to go into my room and take anything without my

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permission. Where did you put it?"

"Back in the bureau! I didn't mean to meddle, Marilla. It won't happen again."

"You didn't put it back. It's not on the pincushion. I'm going to look again. If it's not there, I'll know you haven't put it in."

After not finding the brooch in her bureau, she went and found Anne in the kitchen. "By your admission, you were the last one to handle that brooch. Where is

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it, Anne? Did you lose it?"

"No, I didn't," said Anne, looking Marilla in the eye. "I swear I didn't take the brooch out of your room."

"Anne, I believe you're telling me a lie," said Marilla. "I want you to go to your room and stay there until you confess."

When Anne went upstairs, Marilla told Matthew about this incident, who decided that something must be done about it, though he wasn't ready to believe Anne was the culprit.

When she went up to Anne's room, the child continued to deny with persistence taking the brooch. Her face was tear-stained, making Marilla feel a little bad about making her cry.

"Until you're ready to confess, you'll stay in this room," said Marilla. "There'll be no picnic unless you confess."

The morning of the picnic, the sun shone warm and welcoming. When Marilla

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took up the breakfast tray she found Anne sitting primly on her bed. "Marilla, I'm ready to confess. I took the brooch and I wore it. I wanted to see how beautiful it looked. When I was on the bridge over the Lake of Shining Waters, the brooch slipped and fell into the water. That's all I have to say."

Anger bubbled inside Marilla, "You are the wickedest girl alive. There shall be no picnic! That's your punishment." Saying this, she walked out of the room and shut the door behind her, hearing Anne's heartbreaking cry.

The morning went by dully. Toward the afternoon, Marilla remembered that there was a tear in her favorite black shawl. She decided to mend it. When she took out the shawl, she noticed something glittering and snagging on one of the threads. When she looked closely, she saw that it was the brooch! It was there all

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along while she thought it was lying at the bottom of the river. She gave a huge sigh of relief and walked to Anne's room.

"I've found the brooch," she declared. "Now what was that nonsense you told me about this falling in the lake earlier?"

"You said I couldn't leave the room until I confessed," Anne said softly.

For some reason, Marilla couldn't help laughing. "You're too much. But I drove you to do this act. I'll forgive you, and we'll start from square one. Go and ready yourself for the picnic."

"For the picnic?" whispered Anne, her eyes going wide and hopeful.

"It's not too late."

That night, a thoroughly happy Anne entered her room and fell into an exhausted sleep.



CHAPTER 14

Meeting Gilbert

The first day of school was a brilliant one with the sun shining and the air crisp and fresh. Diana and Anne were walking down a pretty path toward their school.

The Avonlea School was a whitewashed building with old-fashioned desks and carved with designs left by three generations of children. Marilla was nervous when she sent Anne off on her first day, but heaved a sigh of relief when Anne came home declaring that she was

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going to like going to school here. Three weeks went by smoothly. One September morning, said Diana. "I guess Gilbert Blythe will be in school today."

"Gilbert Blythe?" asked Anne.

"The most handsome boy of our class. He was visiting his cousins in New Brunswick and just got back," Diana said dreamily. "But he teases the girls endlessly. I heard he did his multiplication looking at the freckles on Julia Bell's face!"

"Oh, don't talk of freckles to me," moaned Anne. "It's bad enough that I have loads of them."

When they got to class, Diana pointed out, "That's Gilbert sitting across the aisle from you," she whispered. "Look at how handsome he is."

Anne looked at him. He was a tall boy, with curly brown hair, roguish eyes, and a teasing smile. When Ruby Gillis stood up to take a sum to the master, she

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gave a sudden shriek and sat down again. It turned out that Gilbert had pulled out her hairpin and pretended to pore over his book. When the class had calmed down, he looked at Anne and winked at her.

She turned to Diana. "He is quite handsome, and bold! It's not proper to wink at a stranger!"

That afternoon, during algebra,

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Gilbert was trying his hardest to get Anne to look at him, but with no success. Gilbert wasn't used to having a girl *NOT* look at him. She *MUST* look at him. He reached out and pulled one of Anne's braids. "Carrots!" he whispered.

Anne shot him a vengeful look. She stood up and shouted at him. "You mean, hateful boy! How dare you!" With everyone looking, she lifted her slate and—thwack! She smashed it on Gilbert's head.

This act shocked everyone. Mr. Phillips put his hand on Anne's shoulder. "What's going on here?" he demanded.

Gilbert replied instead, rubbing his head, "It's my fault. I teased her."

Mr. Phillips ignored him. "You'll go and stand in front of the blackboard for the rest of the afternoon." Anne walked to the front of the room, quietly seething, and stood before the blackboard. She bravely met the gazes of everyone in class,

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but she didn't look at Gilbert even once. She wouldn't! How she hated him! When it was time to go home, Anne walked by regally, and Gilbert stopped her at the door.

"Anne," he whispered, "I'm sorry for teasing you like that. Truly I am! Please don't be mad at me." She walked past without seeing or replying to him.

"Anne, how could you?" asked Diana on their way home. "You shouldn't take Gilbert's teasing seriously. He makes fun of all the girls!"

"He's hurt my feelings, Diana. I'm not coming back to school," replied Anne.

"What rubbish!" cried Marilla when Anne told her this. But somehow she couldn't get Anne to change her mind. She decided to go talk to Mrs. Lynde about it. "I suppose you know why I'm here," said Marilla to Rachel.

She nodded her head. "It's about Anne's

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fuss in school. I already know about it.”

“I don’t know what to do. I’ve never seen a child so high tempered. What should I do, Mrs. Lynde?”

Pleased, Rachel started, “Well, I’ll admit that she shouldn’t have been the only one punished . . .”

“Are you saying it’s all right if I keep her home?” asked Marilla in amazement.

“Yes, it is! She’ll mostly cool off in a week. The less fuss made, the better!”

Marilla took Mrs. Rachel’s advice and not another word was said to Anne about going back to school. When Anne met Gilbert Blythe on the road or encountered him in Sunday school, she passed him by with an icy contempt. She made up her mind to hate Gilbert till the end of time.



CHAPTER 15

A Tragic Tea Party

October was a beautiful month at Green Gables. Anne reveled at the beauty surrounding her. One such day, Marilla told her that she could invite Diana over to spend the day and to have tea.

“Oh, Marilla! How perfectly lovely!” cried Anne. “Can I use the rosebud tea set?”

“No, indeed! You may use the brown one. But you can use the yellow crock of cherry preserves. You may use the sitting room for your company.” Anne ran all the way to Diana’s to ask her to tea. Soon

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after, Diana came over dressed very nicely, as she was coming for tea. She knocked the door formally, and Anne opened it for her with a smile on her face.

Well dressed herself, she shook hands with her primly and asked her in. Anne took her to the sitting room and inquired politely about Diana's mother. "She's very well, thank you," replied Diana.

They soon forgot all formalities and ran out into the orchard, where Diana told her all the latest happenings in school. The moment she got to Gilbert Blythe, Anne jumped up and announced that they were to have raspberry cordial. Anne put it on a tray with a tumbler. She asked Diana to help herself, as she didn't feel like having it just yet. Diana sipped her tumbler daintily. "It's awfully nice, Anne," she remarked.

"I'm glad you like it. Take as much as you like."

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When she came back, Diana had finished her tumbler but looked pale. "What's wrong, Diana?" she asked.



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"I really don't feel so well. I feel dizzy. I want to go home."

Seeing that she really was sick, Anne walked Diana to the Barrys' fence and then returned home, crying all the way because of a failed tea party. She dragged her feet into the pantry and put the raspberry cordial away, feeling miserable.

It poured heavily the next day, Sunday, and Anne didn't venture out of Green Gables. The next day, Marilla sent her on an errand to Mrs. Lynde's. A short while later, Anne was seen running back with tears streaming down her face.

"Anne, what's wrong?" asked Marilla.

Anne shook her head and walked past her, sobbing.

"Anne Shirley, you tell me what happened?" said an anxious Marilla.

She sat on the couch and faced her, "Mrs. Lynde met Mrs. Barry and she told her that I sent Diana home *DRUNK* and

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disgraceful on Saturday. Mrs. Barry thinks I'm an awful girl and I won't be able to meet Diana again!"

"*Drunk?*" Marilla was amazed. "Are you or Mrs. Barry mad?"

"All she had was raspberry cordial! I didn't know she'd get drunk on this!"

Marilla marched to the kitchen and found the bottle. She walked back, her face twitching. "You really are a champion for



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getting into trouble," she told Anne. "You gave Diana current wine, not the cordial! Didn't you know the difference when you tasted it?"

"I never had it! It was only Diana," said Anne. "She got awfully sick and went home. She was laughing nonstop and slept for hours. Her breath smelled, so Mrs. Barry knew she was drunk. Diana had a bad headache all day yesterday."

"I think Mrs. Barry should punish her for having anything greedily," said Marilla. "Even if she'd had three tumblers of cordial, she'd have fallen sick. I'll go talk to her mother, if it makes you feel better." Anne nodded, her sobs subsiding. "It'll be all right," Marilla promised.

She went back on that promise when she returned from her visit. "She's the most unreasonable woman I've met in my life!" thundered Marilla. "She kept on blaming you even though I practically

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yelled that her child shouldn't have had the wine in three tumblers!" She entered the kitchen, muttering to herself. Anne was left on the porch, quite disturbed. She lifted her shoulders and marched herself straight to the Barrys'. "Mrs. Barry, please forgive me! I didn't know ... I didn't mean to get Diana drunk. I honestly thought she was having raspberry cordial. Do you think I'd get her that way on purpose? My best friend?"

All her pleading was in vain with Mrs. Barry. She didn't budge even a little. She cruelly replied, "I don't think you're fit enough to associate with my girl. Go home and behave yourself."

Anne's lips quivered. "May I please see Diana, just this once, so that I may say farewell?" she requested in a small voice.

"She's in Carmody, with her father." Mrs. Barry shut the door on Anne's face. She returned to Green Gables filled

Anne of Green Gables

with despair.

“There’s no hope now. I spoke to Mrs. Barry, and she told me that I’m not to meet Diana again.” Before retiring for the night, Marilla found that Anne had cried herself to sleep. Feeling bad for her, she lifted a soft red curl and kissed her cheek before leaving the east gable.



CHAPTER 16

A New Interest

The next afternoon, Anne was busy with a patchwork when she saw Diana quietly calling her outside. She flew out, filled with hope, only to have them dashed by the look on Diana's face.

"Your mother hasn't changed her mind?" asked Anne.

"I really tried, Anne! I cried, but she's so stubborn!" wailed Diana. "I was allowed ten minutes exactly to bid you farewell."

Completely shattered, she continued: "I'll miss you, and I'll always love you,

Anne of Green Gables



Anne Shirley.”

Anne’s breath hitched. “And I’ll always love you, Diana Barry. Will you give me a lock of your hair, please?”

Diana agreed, and Anne used her patchwork scissors to cut a bit of her glossy black curls. They said their good-byes once more, and Anne watched her friend walk

Anne of Green Gables

away with a heavy heart.

The following Monday, she surprised Marilla by declaring that she was going back to school, as she had nothing else in life. "If you're going back to school,



Anne of Green Gables

promise me you won't break slates on anyone's head," said Marilla, pleased with Anne's decision.

Anne vowed to be the best pupil ever. Anne was welcomed back warmly, but her happiness was short-lived as a few days later, a note from Diana was passed to her in class telling her that her mother had forbidden her to talk to Anne even at school. She also mentioned how much she missed Anne. Anne accepted the fate of their relationship and put her heart and soul into her studies. She was determined to do better than Gilbert Blythe in all subjects. The rivalry was good-natured from Gilbert's side, but Anne made it her life's mission to beat him in everything.



CHAPTER 17

Anne to the Rescue

Somehow all things turned out for the better when Avonlea entered the month of February. Diana and Anne even managed to salvage their friendship. One evening, Anne asked Marilla if she could go see Diana.

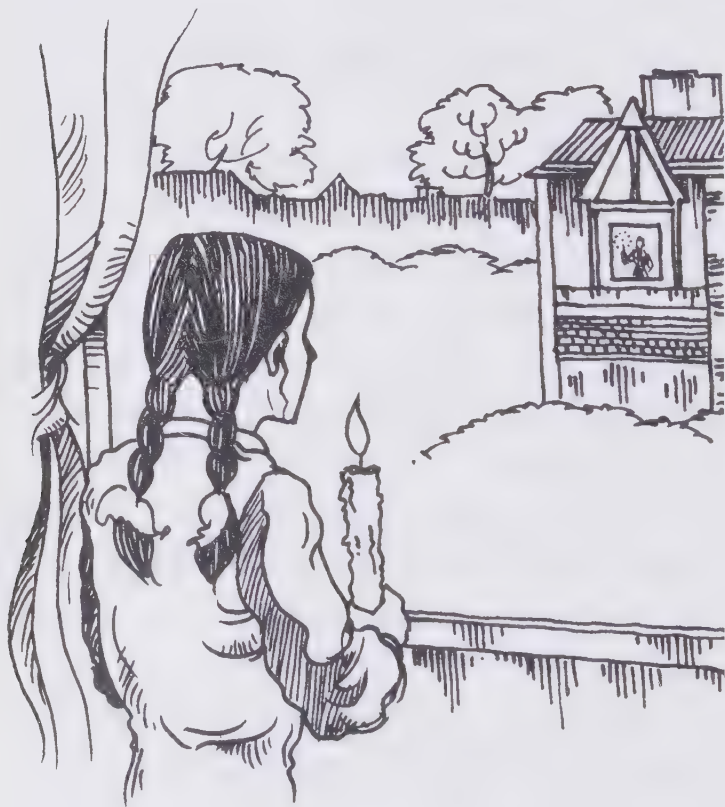
"You shouldn't go out in the dark, Anne. And you spoke to her for over half an hour on your way back from school, in the snow!"

"I have to see her. She has something important to tell me!" said Anne.

Anne of Green Gables

“How do you know that?”

“We signaled each other from our windows using the candles. Don’t worry, Marilla,” continued Anne, when she saw



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her eyes widen, "We'll be careful not to burn the curtains or anything else."

"I'm so relieved," said Marilla, sarcastically, "You can go, but be back in exactly ten minutes. Understood?"

Anne nodded and ran out and was back in exactly ten minutes.

"Marilla, since tomorrow's Diana's birthday, she asked her mother if I could go home with her tomorrow after school and spend the night. Her cousins are coming in from Newbridge and they've said they'll take Diana and me to the Debating Club concert! Oh, may I go? Please, Marilla!"

"Calm down, you're not going anywhere. Young girls shouldn't be going for these club concerts," said Marilla.

"I'm sure it's quite a respectable affair," pleaded Anne. It's on a special occasion that we're going," said Anne, on the verge of tears.

"You've heard what I said. Now take off

Anne of Green Gables

your boots and take yourself to bed.” Anne walked away, tears streaming down her face. Matthew overheard the conversation and looked at Marilla. “I think you should let her go.”

The next day, Matthew asked Marilla to allow Anne to go to the concert. She finally relented, saying that she was not responsible for anything that should befall Anne from going to the concert. The news really made Anne’s day. She was so happy, she didn’t pay attention to her studies. They rushed back to her place and dolled each other up for the concert.

Anne felt a slight pang when she compared a plain, long sleeved, black dress to Diana’s fur cap and smart short jacket. But she decided to use her imagination again. When Diana’s cousins arrived, they piled onto the sleigh and went to the concert.

The concert fascinated Anne except when Gilbert came on stage to recite “Bigen

Anne of Green Gables



Anne of Green Gables

on the Rhine." It was eleven when they got home, happy and tired. Anne and Diana tiptoed to the spare room where they were to sleep.

"I don't understand how you couldn't listen to Gilbert. He looked straight at you!" exclaimed Diana.

"You're my best friend," said Anne, "So I expect you not to talk to me of him again. Come on! I'll race you to bed."

As two white clad figures raced down the hall to the spare room and jumped into bed together, they heard someone mutter angrily beneath them, "Merciful Goodness!" The girls jumped off instantly and tiptoed back outside quickly.

"What was that?" whispered Anne.

"Aunt Josephine!" whispered Diana.

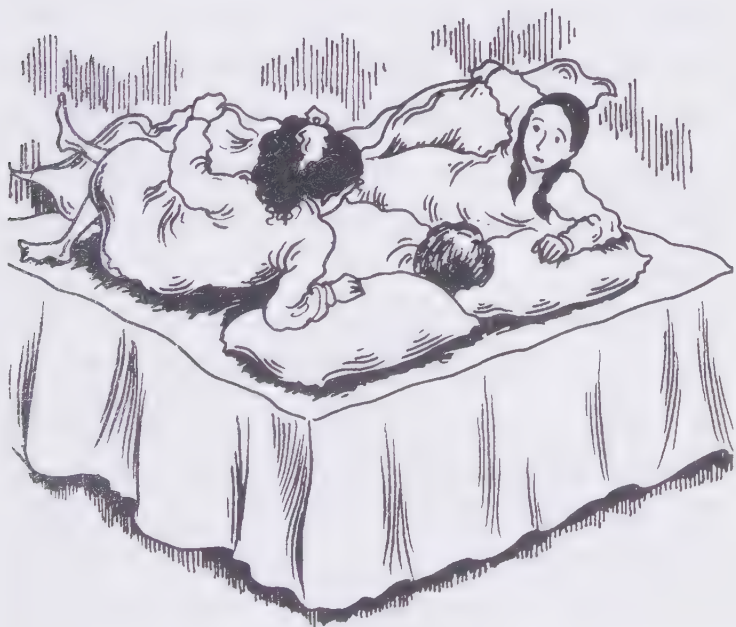
The next morning Anne went home but had to run to Mrs. Lynde's for an errand. When she arrived, Rachel told her Josephine was quite put out by the fright she and Diana

Anne of Green Gables

gave her. "She's quite angry with you two. She wouldn't even speak to Diana. She's ready to leave the house anytime now!"

"I'm such a horrible friend! Why do I always get my best friend in trouble?"

Anne took herself off to Diana's, where she told her that Aunt Josephine was indeed angry. "You should've told her it was my



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fault! I'll go and talk to her." Before Diana could stop her, she walked to the sitting room where Aunt Josephine sat, knitting furiously.

She looked up and saw Anne. "Who're you?" she demanded.

"Anne of Green Gables. I'd like to tell you that it was me jumping on the bed, not Diana. The blame is mine. But I assure you, it was all in fun!"

Josephine's eyes were filled with amusement even as she sternly spoke, "That isn't an excuse. Do you know how annoying it is to be woken up like that after a long journey?"

"I don't know, but I can *IMAGINE*," said Anne. "We did feel bad. Honest!"

Aunt Josephine burst out laughing, causing Diana and Anne both to heave a sigh of relief. She then decided to stay just for the sake of knowing Anne.



CHAPTER 18

Anne is Invited to Tea

“What’s gotten into you now?” asked Marilla, when Anne ran in from her errand at the post office. She had a wild, excited look on her face.

“Our new teacher at Sunday School, Mrs. Allen, has invited me for tea! She left a letter at the post office. She addressed me as Miss Anne Shirley! I’ve been called Miss for the very first time!”

“Child, you must learn to take things calmly!” said Marilla. Anne went to bed, unhappy, as Matthew said it might be a rainy day tomorrow. The next day, the skies were

Anne of Green Gables



clear and it lifted Anne's spirits tremendously. Marilla lectured her on how to behave at the tea party. Luckily Anne got through her visit without any mishaps.

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“Marilla, I had the most fascinating time! When I got there Mrs. Allen met me at the door. She was dressed in the sweetest dress of pale-pink organdy, with dozens of frills and elbow sleeves, and she looked just like a seraph. I really think I’d like to be a minister’s wife when I grow up, Marilla. I love her passionately. You know there are some people, like Matthew and Mrs. Allen, that you can love right off without any trouble.

“There was another little girl at the mansion to tea, from the White Sands Sunday school. Her name was Laurette Bradley, and she was a very nice little girl. Laurette had to go home early because there is a big concert in the White Sands Hotel tonight and her sister is to recite at it. I just gazed at her in awe. After she had gone, Mrs. Allen and I had a heart-to-heart talk. I told her everything about my troubles over geometry. And would you

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believe it, Marilla? She told me she was a dunce at geometry, too. You don't know how that encouraged me. Mrs. Lynde came to the mansion just before I left, and what do you think, Marilla? The trustees have hired a new teacher and it's a lady. Her name is Miss Muriel Stacey. I'm so impatient to see her," she said excitedly.



CHAPTER 19

Anne Gets Injured

A week later, Diana decided to throw a party, calling a few girls from their class. They all had a very good time and found themselves in the Barry garden after tea. There, they decided to 'dare' each other for the fun of it. Daring was a fashion that started among the boys of Avonlea but soon spread among the girls as well. Carrie Sloane dared Ruby Gillis to climb to a certain point at a huge old willow tree. Ruby, although worried about spoiling her new muslin, nimbly did it. Anne dared

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Josie to walk the board fence that bounded the east side of the garden. She did it with grace and ease. Anne flipped her braids behind her, unimpressed.

"That's not impressive. I knew a girl who could walk the ridge on the roof in Marysville."

"All right then," said Josie, "I dare *YOU* to walk the ridge on the kitchen roof. Right now!"

Anne turned pale. "Don't do it!" said Diana. "You'll hurt or kill yourself!"

"I must do it. My honor is at stake."

Anne climbed the ladder in silence and balanced herself on the ridge before she started moving forward. She managed to take a few steps when it happened. She lost her footing, staggered and fell.

She slid over the sun baked-roof and fell into a tangle of vines. The girls gave a simultaneous shriek as she crashed into the vines and ran to her. She was lying

Anne of Green Gables



white and limp.

“Anne! Are you dead?” shrieked Diana. “Talk to me, Anne!”

To their immense relief, Anne moaned and sat up dizzily. “I’m alive,” she said groggily. Just then Mrs. Barry appeared at

Anne of Green Gables

the scene. Looking at her, Anne tried to scramble to her feet but gave a sharp cry of pain as she put her foot to the ground.

“Anne, what’s wrong? Did you hurt yourself?” cried Mrs. Barry.

“My ankle,” gasped Anne, “Diana, find your father. I need to go home.”

Marilla was working in the garden when she saw the procession heading towards her.

She found Mr. Barry carrying Anne in his arms, her head limp on his shoulder and girls hurrying behind him. Marilla felt a stab of worry in her heart for she had come to adore Anne.

“What happened, Mr. Barry?” she cried, as she ran towards them.

Anne lifted her head and answered, “Don’t worry, Marilla. I’m all right. I was walking on the ridge and I slipped. I think I’ve hurt my ankle.”

“I knew you’d do something like this!”

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cried Marilla. "Bring her in, Mr. Barry. Goodness, she's fainted!" Anne fainted as she couldn't bear the pain anymore.

Matthew hurriedly went to fetch the doctor who examined Anne and told them that her ankle was broken.

"Aren't you sorry for me, Marilla?"

"It was your own fault," said Marilla, twitching down the blind and lighting a lamp.

"And that is just why you should be

Anne of Green Gables

sorry for me,” said Anne, “because the thought that it is all my fault is what makes it so hard. If I could blame it on anybody I would feel so much better.”

“You shouldn’t have walked the ridge in the first place!” said Marilla.

“I wouldn’t have been able to bear Josie Pye’s scorn if I’d not done it!” said Anne. “I won’t be able to go to school for a long time and I’ll miss the new teacher and Gil—everyone will get ahead of me in class and I’ll have trouble catching up!”

“Calm down, child. Try and eat some supper now.”



CHAPTER 20

Miss Stacey

It was October when Anne was ready to go back to school. It was indeed a glorious month as autumn seeped into Avonlea. In the new teacher, Anne found another true friend and helper.

Muriel Stacey was quite a bright, sympathetic young woman with the happy gift of winning and holding the affections of her pupils, and bringing out the best that was in them mentally and morally.

"I love Miss Stacey with all my heart," said Anne when she came back from school.

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"She's so elegant and dignified. Ladylike with the sweetest voice. I love how she calls my name."

"Mrs. Lynde says it made *HER* blood run cold to see the boys climbing to the very tops of those trees on Bell's hill after crows' nests last Friday," said Marilla. "I wonder at Miss Stacey for encouraging it."

"But we wanted a crow's nest for



Anne of Green Gables

nature study,” explained Anne. “Miss Stacey explains everything so beautifully. We have to write compositions on our field afternoons and I write the best ones.”

“It’s very vain of you to say so, then. You’d better let your teacher say it.”

“But she *DID* say it, Marilla. And indeed I’m not vain about it. I love writing compositions. Next week we are to write a composition on some remarkable person.”

In November, Miss Stacey had brought forward a concert especially for Christmas. All the students began making preparations for it. Marilla didn’t approve of this as she thought that this would leave no time for lessons.

“But think of the worthy object,” pleaded Anne. “A flag will cultivate a spirit of patriotism, Marilla. Don’t you hope your little Anne will distinguish herself?”

“All I hope is that you’ll behave yourself,” prayed Marilla.



CHAPTER 21

Matthew's Christmas Present

Anne and her schoolmates were practicing "The Fairy Queen" one cold December afternoon. Matthew had walked into the kitchen from outside and shrunk back in the shadows when the troupe marched, laughing and chattering, into the kitchen.

Matthew was taken aback by how different Anne looked from the other girls, with her eyes brighter and her features

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more delicate than the others. The more he thought about it, the more convinced he became that it wouldn't do anyone harm if he bought the child a new dress. Christmas was near and the dress would be the perfect gift.

Matthew went to Mrs. Lynde for advice on the matter since he was sure Marilla would dismiss his thought in a jiffy.

"Pick a new dress for Anne to wear?" asked Mrs. Lynde, "Well, I'll be in

Anne of Green Gables

Carmody tomorrow so I'll be right on it. I'll use my own judgment. I know just the material and color that would suit her and I'll stitch it myself."

"Thank you, Rachel. I believe the sleeves are puffed these days," he offered.

"Don't fret, Matthew, I'll make it in the latest fashion."

Marilla knew Matthew had something on his mind but couldn't guess what until Christmas Eve, when Mrs. Lynde brought the dress home. She thoroughly disapproved but didn't say a word. Anne woke up with a huge smile on her face the next morning. CHRISTMAS! She ran downstairs singing until her voice echoed around Green Gables.

"Marilla! Matthew! Merry Christmas to one and all!" she shouted. She saw the gift-wrapped packet Matthew held. "Is that for me? Oh, Matthew..."

Matthew shyly opened the packet

Anne of Green Gables

to reveal the dress. Anne looked at it in silence for a minute. Oh, how pretty it was—a lovely silken brown dress; a skirt with dainty frills and shirring; a waist elaborately pin tucked in the most



Anne of Green Gables

fashionable way, with a little ruffle of filmy lace at the neck. But the sleeves were the crowning glory! "It's your Christmas present, Anne. I don't think you like it," said Matthew quietly.

Anne looked at him, her eyes wide, "Like it? *I LOVE IT!* It's so exquisite! It's like a dream!"

Marilla huffed, "Here's a brown ribbon, to match your dress."

After breakfast, Anne ran over to meet Diana. "Diana, Merry Christmas! Wait till you see what Matthew gave me. It's the most beautiful dress with the most beautiful sleeves!"

"I've got something more for you!" said Diana breathlessly, "This box is for you. It's from Aunt Josephine." Anne opened the box and read the card first, "For the girl—Anne and Merry Christmas." The box contained a pretty pair of kid slippers.

"Now you won't have to borrow Ruby's

Anne of Green Gables

slippers anymore!" said Diana, gleefully.

The concert that evening was a hit. Anne and Diana walked back from the hall, discussing the evening. "Well, your recitations just brought down the house, Anne. That sad one was simply splendid," said Diana.

"I was so nervous! But I gave it my best. I even saw Mrs. Sloane wiping her eyes. It's nice to know you've touched someone's heart."

Matthew and Marilla were at the concert too. "Anne was brilliant, wasn't she?" said Matthew proudly.

"She certainly was!" agreed Marilla, "She looked very pretty too."



CHAPTER 22

Vanity and Vexation of Spirit

One fine day in April, Marilla walked home from her Aid meeting and found the fire unlit and tea unprepared. Her good mood vanished instantly because of Anne's carelessness. She walked into Anne's room and found her in the dark, lying face down on the bed.

"Goodness, child. Were you asleep?"

"No," she mumbled.

"Are you ill?" asked Marilla anxiously.

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Anne tried covering herself with the pillow. "Please, Marilla. I beg of you. Don't look at me. I'm hideous!"

"Anne Shirley, you will sit up and tell me what's wrong right now!" Anne got up stiffly and bent her head forward. "Look at my hair." She whispered.

Marilla lifted her candle and peered at Anne's hair finding nothing but glorious golden red and—green? There were green streaks on Anne's hair, making it look ghastly.

"Your hair! Oh! my God! It's *GREEN*!" cried Marilla.

"I know. I'm positively ugly now," moaned Anne.

"How did this happen?"

"I dyed it," came the reply.

"*DYED* it? What a wicked thing to do!" Marilla was shocked. "If I had to dye my hair, I'd have chosen a decent color at least!"

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"I thought this would make my hair black," said Anne, "He said so himself that it was a dye for black hair."

"Who said that?" asked Marilla.

"The peddler!" replied Anne.

"Anne, how many times have I told you not to let those men into the house?"

Oh! my God! He was outside the house. I didn't let him in. He said it wouldn't wash off and he sold the bottle for fifty cents. I tried it the moment he left and I am repenting it now. My hair!" she wailed.

"Let's wash your hair and see if that does any good," suggested Marilla. Anne did just that, but the color remained.

"Oh Marilla, what will I do? I'll be the laughing stock of the entire island!"

Her unhappiness went on for a week. Diana was the only one outside who knew the truth. Anne religiously shampooed her hair everyday but with no luck. At the end of the week, Marilla said her hair

Anne of Green Gables

had to be cut off. Lips quivering, Anne brought the scissors.

“Cut it at once, Marilla. Put me out of my misery.”



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Anne wept then, but later on, when she went upstairs and looked in the glass, she was calm with despair. Marilla had done her work thoroughly and it had been necessary to shingle the hair as closely as possible. The result was not becoming, to state the case as mildly as may be. Anne promptly turned her glass to the wall.

“I’ll never, never look at myself again until my hair grows,” she exclaimed passionately. Then she suddenly righted the glass. “Yes, I will, too. I’d do penance for being wicked that way. I’ll look at myself every time I come to my room and see how ugly I am. And I won’t try to imagine it away, either.”



CHAPTER 23

An Epoch in Anne's Life

One September evening, Anne was bringing the cows home from the pastures by way of Lover's Lane. It was that moment when the last rays of the sun made the skies a lovely spread of violet and gold.

Anne's short silky curls matched the gold in the sky. Anne herded the cows dreamily, looking at the skies. Just then Diana met her outside the Barry farm, her eyes sparkling.

"Lovely evening, isn't it? Anne, I've

Anne of Green Gables



got amazing news. Aunt Josephine is inviting us to go with her to town next Tuesday and stop at the Exhibition!"

"Diana, do you mean it? Oh, but I don't think Marilla will let me."

Marilla did let her go, much to Anne's joy. On Tuesday morning after breakfast, she wore her jaunty new cap and raced off to meet Mr. Barry and Diana at Orchard Slope. The long journey was enjoyed by both the girls. The air was fresh and crisp,

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and little smoke-blue mists curled through the valleys and floated off from the hills. It was almost noon when they reached town and found their way to "Beechwood." It was quite a fine old mansion, set back from the street in a seclusion of green elms and branching beeches. Miss Barry met them at the door with a twinkle in her sharp black eyes.

"So you've finally come to see me," she greeted Anne.

"You're certainly taller than you were, and better looking!" Anne smiled radiantly. She took them into the parlor, leaving the girls stunned at the majestic splendor.

"This is my first time being here," said Diana, softly, "I didn't expect it to be a palace!" The girls exclaimed over the velvet carpets and silk curtains. On Wednesday, Miss Barry took them to the Exhibition grounds and kept them there all day.

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“It was splendid,” Anne related to Marilla later on. “I never imagined anything so interesting. I think I liked the horses and the flowers and the fancywork best. There were thousands of people there, Marilla. It made me feel dreadfully

Anne of Green Gables

insignificant. And Miss Barry took us up to the grandstand to see the horse races. We saw a man go up in a balloon. I'd love to go up in a balloon, Marilla; it would be simply thrilling; and we saw a man selling fortunes. You paid him ten cents and a little bird picked out your fortune for you. Miss Barry gave Diana and me ten cents each to have our fortunes told. Mine was that I would marry a dark-complexioned man who was very wealthy, and I would go across water to live. I looked carefully at all the dark men I saw after that, but I didn't care much for any of them, and anyhow I suppose it's too early to be looking out for him yet. Oh, it was a never-to-be-forgotten day, Marilla."

The following day, the girls were taken to the Academy of Music. Anne enjoyed the evening thoroughly and told Marilla all about it. On Friday, the girls had to come home.

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"I hope you enjoyed yourselves, girls," said Miss Barry.

"Oh, we did!" replied the girls and Anne impulsively threw her arms around Miss Barry and kissed her wrinkled cheek. Miss Barry smiled warmly and watched the buggy go out of sight.

"I thought Marilla Cutberth was an old fool when I heard she'd adopted a girl out of an orphan asylum," she said to herself, "but I guess she didn't make much of a mistake after all. If I'd a child like Anne in the house all the time I'd be a better and happier woman."



CHAPTER 24

The Queen's Class

It was nearly dark, for the full November twilight had fallen around Green Gables, and the only light in the kitchen came from the dancing red flames in the stove. Anne was curled up on the hearthrug. She was reading but the book had slipped as she began dreaming about castles and victories. Marilla watched her, unnoticed as a dreamy smile played on Anne's lips.

Over the last few years, Marilla had come to love this slim, grey-eyed girl with all her being. Anne didn't know this and often

Anne of Green Gables



thought wistfully that Marilla was hard to please but checked it for she knew she owed Marilla her whole life.

“Anne, Miss Stacey was here when you were with Diana,” said Marilla.

“Oh, I’m sorry, Marilla. I wasn’t there to greet her. Why did she come here?”

“She wants to take extra lessons, an hour after school every day. She came to ask us if you’d like to join. Would you like to give the

Anne of Green Gables

exams and pass as a teacher?"

"Oh yes! I'd absolutely love to!" cried Anne. She hugged Marilla tightly, "Thank you, Marilla. I promise I'll study hard and I'll do my best."

The Queen's class was organized in due time. Gilbert Blythe, Anne Shirley, Ruby Gillis, Jane Andrews, Josie Pye, Charlie Sloane, and Moody Spurgeon MacPherson joined it. Diana Barry did not, as her parents did not intend to send her to Queen's. "What is Gilbert Blythe going to be?" queried Marilla, seeing that Anne was opening her Caesar.

"I don't happen to know what Gilbert Blythe's ambition in life is—if he has any," said Anne scornfully.

The rivalry between Anne and Gilbert was open now. Earlier it was only from Anne's side but now Gilbert was just as determined to be first in class as she was. Ever since she refused to accept his apology and offer of friendship, Gilbert all but ignored her existence. She didn't

Anne of Green Gables



like the feeling of being ignored. She wished he'd pay her a bit of attention. She suddenly realized that whatever feeling of resentment she bore towards him had all gone. Over the years, she'd forgiven and forgotten, but it was too late. She pushed those feelings deep down, so well hidden that even Gilbert, who wasn't as indifferent as he acted, felt hurt by it.



CHAPTER 25

The Pass List

Anne and Diana enjoyed a wonderful summer together. They spent most of their days outdoors, soaking up the glorious sun and running about in the gardens of Avonlea.

Miss Stacey came back to school to find all her students eager for work, especially those in the Queens class. They were to give the Entrance examination at the end of the year. That thought was enough to give them sleepless nights, especially Anne. What if they didn't pass? She had nightmares in which she failed

Anne of Green Gables



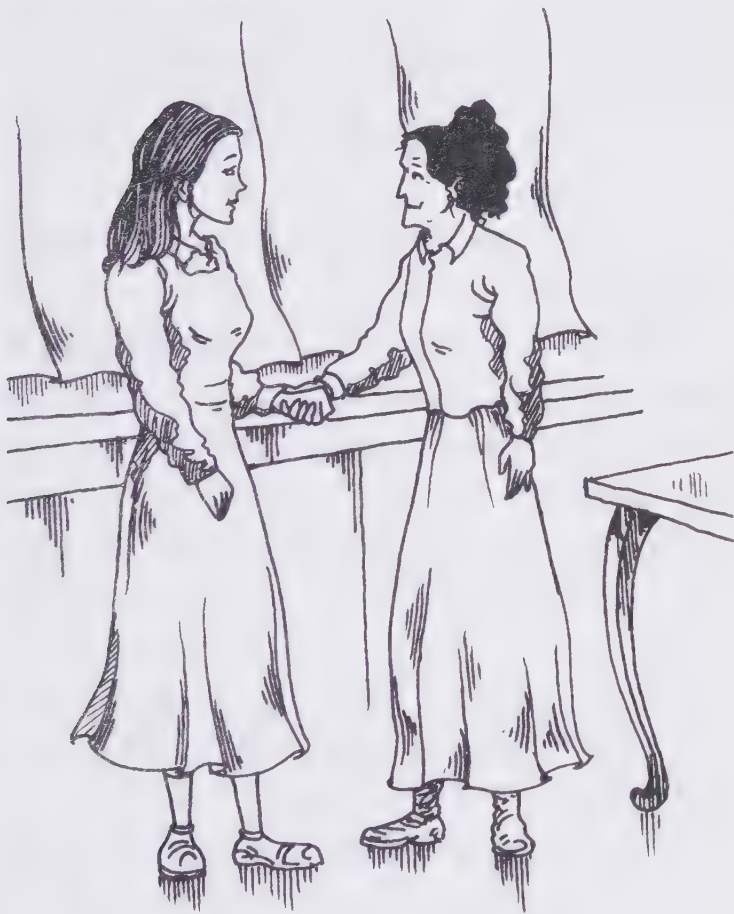
and Gilbert topped the exam. But overall it was a happy, swift-flying winter.

Anne grew so quickly that Marilla was shocked to see that she was taller than her! In a short time the girl of eleven had grown into a young woman of fifteen. How she'll miss her when she goes away next year. Anne also became more quieter. She dreamed just as much but she spoke less.

"I don't feel like talking much," she answered when asked this question.

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“You’ve only two more months before the Entrance,” said Marilla. “Do you think you’ll be able to get through?”



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Anne shivered. "I really don't know. Sometimes I'm scared and sometimes I know I'll be all right. Geometry is my main block. We'll have tests in June so that we know what to expect for the Entrance. I don't know what I'd do if I failed!"

"You can always try next year," consoled Marilla.

"I don't think I'll have the heart to do it again."

With the end of June came the end of Miss Stacey's rule at Avonlea. Diana and Anne were sad that they would not have her again.

Diana looked back at the schoolhouse and sighed sadly. "It seems like the end, doesn't it?"

"You mustn't feel bad," said Anne, "You'll be back next year. I'll have to leave this school after this year."

Two fat tears rolled down Diana's cheek. "It won't be the same without you."

Anne of Green Gables

"This is the time I know I'm going to fail," said Anne, changing the topic.

"But you fared brilliantly in the exams Miss Stacey gave you."

"I wasn't nervous then. But I am now for the ones to come. My number is thirteen and I've heard it's unlucky!"

"Anne, promise me you'll write and tell me how the exams went."

Anne promised and left the next day for the Academy. She wrote a long letter to Diana about how each of her papers went. The geometry paper finished along with the others. Then it was time for Anne to return home. She did, tired but feeling triumphant. She greeted Diana like meeting a friend after years.

"Anne darling! I'm so glad you're back. How did you fare?" asked Diana.

"Pretty well in all but geometry. I don't think I did well enough to pass. Oh, but

Anne of Green Gables

I'm so glad to be home."

"You'll pass all right. Don't worry."

With this end in view Anne had strained every nerve during the examinations. So had Gilbert. They had met and passed each other on the street a dozen times without any sign of recognition and every time Anne had held her head a little higher and wished a little more earnestly that she had made friends with Gilbert when he asked her, and vowed a little more determinedly to surpass him in the examination.

She knew that all Avonlea junior was wondering which would come out first; she even knew that Jimmy Glover and Ned Wright had a bet on the question. But she even wanted to beat Gilbert for Marilla and Matthew. She owed them that much for all they've done for her. Three weeks passed without the pass list being put up. Anne couldn't bear the strain anymore. She even ate less. But one evening, the news came.

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Anne was sitting by the window when she saw Diana running towards the house with a newspaper in her hand. Anne knew that she held the pass list and her breath hitched. It felt like hours that Diana ran into the room and threw her arms around Anne. "You passed! You came *FIRST*! You're tied with Gilbert but your name is



Anne of Green Gables

written first! Oh, Anne! I'm so happy for you!" Anne limply took the paper and saw it. Her name was written at the top of two hundred names! She did it and she was proud of the moment.

"Won't Miss Stacey be delighted!" squealed Diana. "All of you have passed! I'm shocked that you're calm and cool about this. I'd be screaming my head off if I were you."

"I'm just dazed. Excuse me, Diana. I must run to the fields and tell Matthew." She went to the fields and to her luck, found Marilla and Mrs. Lynde there. When she told them the news they were all so proud of her! That night, Anne murmured a silent prayer of gratitude to God that came straight from her heart. For the first time in a long time, she slept peacefully.



CHAPTER 26

The Queen's Girl

The next few weeks were busy ones at Green Gables as Anne was preparing to go to Queen's. Marilla even got a lovely light green material to make an evening dress for Anne. "Oh, Marilla, it's just lovely," said Anne. "Thank you so much. I don't believe you ought to be so kind to me—it's making it harder every day for me to go away."

One evening, Anne recited "The Maiden's Vow" to Matthew and Marilla. As Marilla saw the graceful gestures the

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tall, slender girl made, with her grey eyes sparkling, she instantly had a vision of Anne the first time she came to Green Gables, odd, nervous and wearing an ugly wincey dress. That thought made tears fall out of her eyes.

"I've made Marilla cry," said Anne cheerfully as she skipped to give a kiss on her cheek. "Now that's a victory!"

"I wasn't crying over your recital. I was just thinking of the little girl you were and how I wished you remained little. Now you're all grown up and you'll leave us."

The day finally came when Anne had to go to town. Matthew drove her there while Marilla busied herself with housework so that she wouldn't have time to feel her heart ache with Anne gone. That night, she listened to the quiet at Green Gables and thought of her little girl. Then, she wept passionately.

Anne along with the other Avonlea

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scholars arrived just in time at the Academy. The first day, although busy, went by quickly. Anne intended taking up the Second Year work being advised to do so by Miss Stacey; Gilbert Blythe elected to do the same. This meant getting a First

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Class teacher's license in one year instead of two, if they were successful; but it also meant much more and harder work. When Anne entered the room, she felt lonely among fifty different faces but felt relieved looking at the tall brown haired boy. She was sure their rivalry would help here as well. Anne felt truly lonely in the boarding house Miss Barry hunted for her, since "Beechwood" was far away.

A few days later she heard about the scholarship offered by the Academy. What joy Marilla and Matthew will have if I got that Scholarship! She thought. She saw herself with the scholarship and going to Redmond College for her B.A! Wouldn't Matthew be proud! Anne was very determined to win that scholarship.



CHAPTER 27

Glory to Anne!

Anne's homesickness eventually wore off. She met Diana every weekend and they enjoyed themselves. Gilbert Blythe was seen often with Ruby Gillis who had turned out quite attractive. Anne often wished she and Gilbert were friends but she never voiced it. She was happy with her girlfriends. After Christmas, all the students decided against going home in order to study. By then, there were three accepted contenders for the scholarship—Gilbert Blythe, Anne Shirley and Lewis Wilson. Anne worked hard and

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steadily, her rivalry being just as intense with Gilbert as it was in Avonlea. Anne spent her free hours with Miss Barry. They got very well acquainted and Miss Barry grew to love Anne very much like her own.

Tensions rose as the exams came close. "I've lost SEVEN pounds!" said Jane.

"I don't care if I fail," said Josie Pye, "I'll try next year if I do." Anne closed her ears to all talks about the exams.

Finally, the day came when the results of the exams were to be announced. Anne walked in with Josie and Jane to see a group of boys lifting Gilbert of their shoulders.

"Three Cheers for the Medalist!"

Anne's heart sunk. He won the scholarship! She lost. Matthew would be sad indeed. Just then someone shouted, "Three Cheers for Anne Shirley, winner of the scholarship!"

And then the girls were around them and Anne was the center of a laughing,

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congratulating group. Her shoulders were thumped and her hands shaken vigorously. She whispered to Jane how proud Matthew will be of her. Matthew and Marilla were present when the awards were given out. They were congratulated by all who were present when Anne went on stage to receive



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the scholarship. Marilla dabbed her eyes, looking lovingly and proudly at the tall, beautiful girl who accepted her award.

Matthew nudged her and whispered, "Aren't you glad we kept her?"

"It's not the first time I've been glad," retorted Marilla. Anne went back to Avonlea with them and was never happier to be home and when she met Diana.



CHAPTER 28

Farewell, Matthew

“Matthew—Matthew—what is the matter? Matthew, are you sick?”

Anne walked into the house, armful of flowers when she heard Marilla ask this. She looked at Matthew’s gray face and rushed forward, the same time Marilla did. But he’d already fallen over the threshold. “He’s fainted,” gasped Marilla.

“Anne, run for Martin—quick, quick! He’s at the barn.”

Martin, the hired man started at once for the doctor, calling at Orchard Slope on

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his way to send Mr. and Mrs. Barry over. Mrs. Lynde, who was there on an errand, came too. They found Anne and Marilla trying to revive Matthew. Mrs. Lynde knelt beside Matthew and checked his pulse. She laid her head over his heart and looked up, tears in her eyes.

“Marilla, I’m sorry. There’s nothing

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we can do.”

“Mrs. Lynde, do you mean he’s...” started Anne, eyes wide.

“I’m afraid so, child. Look at his face. His body is stiff too.”

The doctor confirmed Matthew’s death. The news spread like wildfire around Avonlea and people thronged Green Gables, offering their help and condolences. In the parlor lay Matthew Cutberth in his coffin, his long gray hair framing his placid face on which there was a little kindly smile as if he but slept, dreaming pleasant dreams. He was surrounded by flowers planted by his mother when she got married, flowers he’d always loved.

Anne couldn’t shed a tear and went to sleep that night with an ache in her heart. When she woke up the next morning, she remembered Matthew’s smiling face and pride at all her achievements and the dam

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burst. Tears came quickly and soon, she was sobbing as if her heart broke into pieces. Marilla rushed in to comfort her. "What will we do without him?" cried Anne.

"Hush now, child. Tears won't bring him back. We'll miss him a lot. But we have each other. I've never told you this, but I love you Anne. Like my daughter. We'll get through this."

Matthew was buried the next day and soon, Avonlea resumed its quiet and peaceful routine.

One day, Anne was talking to Mrs. Allan.

"I was at his grave. I planted a rosebush there. I hope he has roses in heaven."



CHAPTER 29

The Bend in the Road

Anne returned from Diana's home one evening to find Marilla sitting silently in the kitchen, like a statue.

"Marilla, what's wrong?" she asked. "Are you tired? What did the oculist say?"

"He said that my eyes would get better and my headaches would stop if I didn't strain my eyes. If not I'll lose my sight in six months!" Her voice got a catch.

A few days later, Anne found a man called Saddler from Carmody talking to Marilla. "What'd he want?" she demanded.

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Marilla sat down, her eyes misting.

“He wants to buy Green Gables. Anne, I don’t know what else to do! My eyesight isn’t getting better and I won’t be able to run this house well without you or Matthew.” Marilla began to weep bitterly.

“You won’t be alone and you’re not

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selling Green Gables. I'm not going to Redmond." Marilla's head snapped back up, her sobs ceasing. "I've decided not to take the scholarship. I'll start teaching here. The Avonlea School won't be possible for the trustees are taking on Gilbert Blythe. But I heard Carmody School has a good position available. Don't worry, Marilla!"

When Avonlea heard about Anne's decision about not going to college, they thought she was a fool, for they didn't know about Marilla's poor health.

"I'll study as well as teach, Mrs. Lynde." Anne told her one day. "It'll be like going to college here! I'll be teaching at Carmody you know."

"Not likely. The trustees of Avonlea have decided to give you the school, I hear."

"Me? Isn't Gilbert Blythe taking the position?" wondered Anne.

"No. When he heard your reason

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for staying back, he spoke to the trustees himself and told them to give you the post. Mr. Thomas told me all this.”

“Oh, I can’t allow him to make such a sacrifice for me!” cried Anne.

“He’s already done it. It won’t do any good if you refuse!”

On her way to Matthew’s grave, Anne thought about what Rachel told her. She laid the fresh flowers at the grave then stood up and made her way to the Blythe’s. On arriving there, she saw a tall boy walking out the gate, whistling cheerfully. When he saw her, Gilbert stopped whistling instantly. He would’ve passed by had she not stopped him and held out her hand.

“Gilbert, I want to thank you for giving the school to me,” she said, blushing scarlet, “I truly appreciate it.”

Gilbert stared at her outstretched hand and grasped it eagerly. “Have you

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forgiven me for my fault?"

Anne laughed and tried unsuccessfully to pull away her hand. "I forgave you a long

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time ago. I was too proud to tell you. ”

“We’re going to be the best of friends,” said Gilbert happily. “We’ll help each other in many ways. I hope you’ll keep your studies as I will. Come, let me walk you home.”

Marilla was curious to see someone walking Anne home. “Who was that?”

“Gilbert Blythe, my classmate. He walked me home.”

“I didn’t know you were good friends.”

“We weren’t! Just good enemies. But we’ve buried our differences and decided to be friends. Was I really with him for half an hour? Seemed like minutes! Well, we do have five years of catching up to do!”

That night as Anne sat by her window, contentment filled her very being.

“Thank God, all’s right in this world,” she whispered softly, looking out into the starry skies.

About the Author

Lucy Maud Montgomery, called Maud by family and friends and L.M. Montgomery by others, is a Canadian author born on November 30, 1874. After completing her grade school in 1893, in Cavendish, Lucy attended the Prince of Wales College in Charlottetown. After obtaining a teacher's certificate, she learned literature at Dalhousie University in Halifax, Nova Scotia.

It was during this period that she was so inspired to write her first book. *Anne of Green Gables* was published in 1908 which was an immediate success. The central character, Anne, an orphaned girl, made Lucy famous in her lifetime and gave her an international following. She died of congestive heart failure in Toronto in 1942.

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer
The Adventures of Pinocchio
Alice in Wonderland
Anne of Green Gables
Beauty and the Beast
Black Beauty
The Call of the Wild
A Christmas Carol
Frankenstein
Great Expectations
Journey to the Center of the Earth
The Jungle Book
King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table
Little Women
Moby Dick
The Night Before Christmas and Other Holiday Tales
Oliver Twist
Peter Pan
The Prince and the Pauper
Pygmalion
The Secret Garden
The Time Machine
Treasure Island
White Fang
The Wind in the Willows
The Wizard of Oz

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The Wind in the Willows

The Wizard of Oz

Anne Shirley wants desperately to find a home and family that she can call her very own, which she has never had. She gets her wish when she is eleven and is adopted by Matthew and Marilla Cuthbert, and goes to live at Green Gables. Anne's adventurous spirit brightens the lives of everyone she meets. Join Anne on her adventures and never-ending search for friendship and happiness.

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